CHENNIG BINGELS

Not he working man. Mos A Makiny Mathers Man Mos What Sammie comes home.

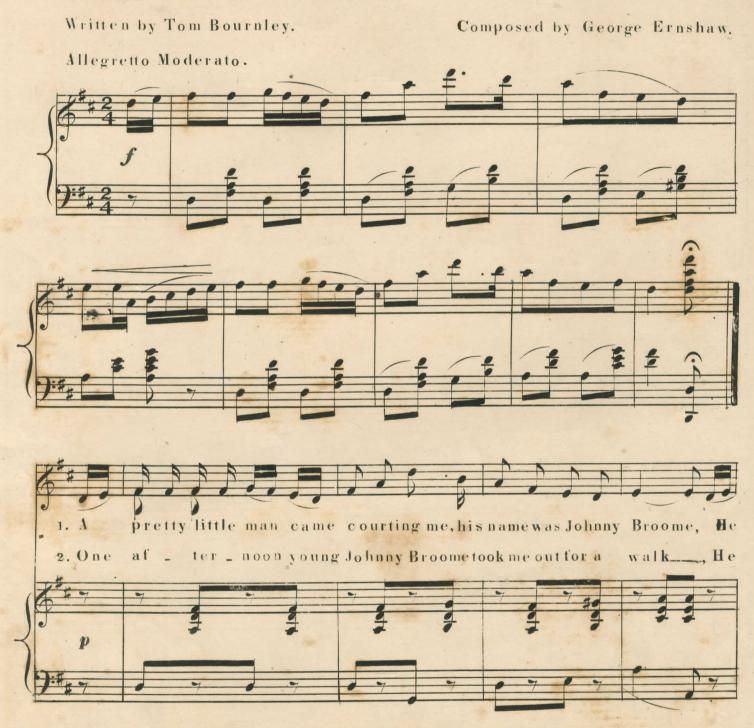
SK. HOUKS

Published by COMPTON & DOAN, 204 N. Fifth St.

to Act of congress in the year 1868 by Compton & Down in the Clerks office of the

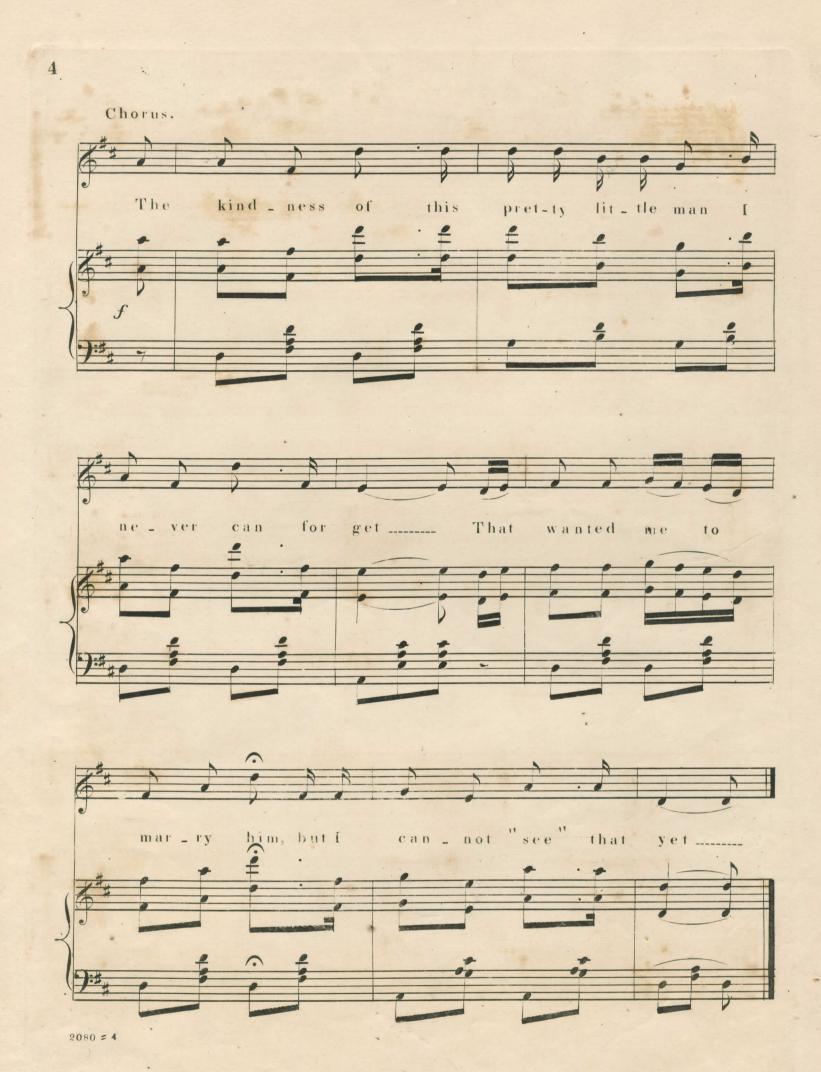
ILL ASK MY MOTHER AND ILL LET YOU KNOWNEXT SUNDAY AFTERNOOM.

Sung by Miss Jennie Engel.



Ent'd according to Act of Congress in the year 1868 by Compton & Doan, in the Clerk's office of the U.S.Dt. Court, for the Et.Dt. of Mo.







3.

He made me a present of a watch and chain, likewise a bran new Sash,

For Sundays when I walked with him, that I might cut a _ dash,

But when he found I would not fly with him, he wanted the presents back soon,

But I'll ask my mother and I'll let you know next Sunday afternoon.

Chorus.

Out of revenge, with one he knew, he ran away that night,

They both came back for the watch, and chain, and wanted me to fight;

She said, if in her grasp she had me, that she would kill me soon,

But I'll ask my mother and I'll let you know next Sunday afternoon.

Chorus.

5.

If there's any young man that's here tonight, would like me for a wife,

Let him step forward and I'll do the best for him through life;

And if he'sin a hurry, why, we might be married soon,

But I'll ask my mother and I'll let you know next Sunday afternoon.

Chorus.



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LATEST SONGS.

* Nobody's Child.

G. Estabrook...50c.

Alore in the dreary and pitiless street, With my torn old dress, and my bare cold feet, All day I have wandered to and fro, Hungry and shivering, and no where to go; The night's coming on in darkness and dread, And the chill sleet is beating upon my bare he Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so wild?

Is it because I am nobody's child?

* Somebody's Child. G. Estabrook...50c.

Why do they call this a world of woe? I'm sure I am happy wherever I go.
Why is it I never weep or complain, Why is it I never weep or compani,
Or think about suff'ring, or sorrow, or pain?
My father and mother love me so well.
Why is it, grand-mama, say, can you tell?
Grand-mama, answered, as fondly she smiled,
Darling, because you are somebody's child.

* Too Fondly I Loved Thee. Waldauer...50c.

I loved thee too fondly, I loved thee too well; I loved thee far better than I ever could tell.
'Twas the joy of my being, the life of my heart; I loved thee too fondly, for now we must part.

* Sweet Flower that Died. W. C. Baker ... 50c.

Twas a sweet young flower of beauty, That had flown like autumn leaves away, An we lost that fragrant blossom In the gentle month of May.

O, we loved that darling one so tenderly,
And we kissed her when she died— In the valley by the river, Where the waters softly glide.

Nearer Home.

(Sacred Song)......Benj. Owen...80c. Words by Mrs. C. B. Castlin.

The solemn thought steals sweetly o'er my soul, Like ocean waves that o'er the lone rock rolls; That though I tread the cruel flints unshod, The way is short, I thank Thee, oh! my God.

* Oh, Keep My Memory Green! J. S. Cox...50c.

The ship glides gently o'er the deep, A calm lies on the sea; But, oh! my restless thoughts fly back To distant home and thee. Man's flat bade us part on earth, Broad billows roll between; But while a spark of life remains, Oh! keep my mem'ry green.

* Nanneen Machree.

A. T. McCormick...50c.

Oh! Nanneen, dear Nanneen, awake from your

Oh! Nanneen, dear Nanneen, awake from your dreaming,
They say there's a change in your manner to me.
Oh! come with the love's light in your eye beaming,
And say that you're true to me, Nanneen Machree.
'Tis happy I am, when you're smiling;
Smiling with red lips and eyes of dark blue,
Or with sweet love-songs the dull hours beguiling;
Say that you're true to me, say that you're true.

* Snowdrops.

By T. Brigham Bishop-author of Leaf by Leaf the Roses fall, Those Dark Eyes, and Moon behind the Hill...40c.

So ye are back again, Bonny white, tender flow'rs; Spite of the raging wind, Spite of the show'rs, Spite of the snow O'er you cast; Long have we looked for you, Welcome at last.

* Loves of Long Ago.

T. Brigham Bishop...40c.

Oh! the beautiful loves of long ago, And flowers that grace our way,
And the golden gleams and dazzling dreams
That fade not all dway;
How they brighten and glow around us now,
Those floating forms of light, Like the glimmering rays of stars that blaze, That burn in the deep midnight.

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Hymn arranged from a Nocturne by Schumann.

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